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The Moment of Truth

The sun was in the middle of the sky when I return to my small apartment. The first thing I did was thronging my keys on the table and my heavy body on the couch. The curtains in the living room were closed and sun light could barely sneak to the living room which gave me an opportunity to close my eyes. It was silent like death in my apartment, but unfortunately it did not last for long, because the knocking door breaks that peaceful silent. I tried to avoid it, but it was too annoying for me and it seems like someone was hitting my head with a hummer. I tried to open my eyes, but it would not open as they pasted with glue. When I woke up my head was spinning, but I had no choice I had to open the door and figure out who is the mysteries person causing all that noise. When I opened the door the bright light went through my eyes forcing me to close them again, but after moment I opened them as blooming rose and the first thing that my eyes sighted was the tall figure of my friend. I welcomed her with my sleepy voice and talked to her about the reason of her unexpected visit. She answered me with a sadness tone in her voice that she needed my help in her language class. I told her that I can help her for sure, but when I said these words she turn red like a tomato and asked me with grateful voice about what I wanted her to do for me in return. I stood up shocked as someone slaps me in the face and asked her if were friends and I told her that there are no favors between friends. I was very upset about her way of thinking which was you have to do something for people if you want them to do something for you. This way of thinking changed the real meaning of helping and made it a kind of trading even though the person that you are asking help from was your soul mate. My friend reaction was surprising too, because she nodded her head, did not say a word, and gave me her homework and lift quietly. Since that moment I realize that my friend liked me ,not because I were kind and good person, she liked me because I was a useful tool for her that she could take advantage from and through it away when she do not. When my friend left my apartment like dumb her reaction opened my eyes on the ugly truth that our friendship was not real or maybe it was one side relationship.